

A
CONCERT

O F

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,
WEDNESDAY, April 3d, 1793.

ACT I.

Overture. HAYDN.

Song, Mr. NIELD. PAISIELLO.

MENTRE ti lascio, oh! figlia,
In sen mi trema il core;
Ahi che partenza amara!
Provo nel mio dolore,
Le smanie, ed il terror.
Parto, tu piangi, oh Dio!
Ti chieggo un sol momento,
Oh Dio! che fier tormento,
Ahi mi si spezza il cor.

Duetto, Violin and Violoncello,
Messrs. Brooks and Herschell.

BROOKS.

Scena, Madame MARA. Anfossi.

RECITATIVO.

ALL amor mio quest atto illustre,
Io deggio ed alla gloria mia;
Roma in trionfo non mi vedra;
De ceppi altrui lo scorno
Uia non sono a tollerar.
Arface non ti smarrir nel mio destino;
Inspiri costanza a te l'esempio mio,
S'io vissi in Liberta fin ora
In Liberta voglio morire ancora.

RONDO.

Non temer fra pochi istanti,
Idol mio faro con te.
Portero fra l'ombre amanti
Il candor della mia fe.
Godi pur tiranno, io moro,
Ma disprezzo isdegni tuoi.
Fin m'affanna, o mio tesoro,
Di mia morte il tuo martir.
Ahi! finisca con la vita
Si penoso accerbo stato,
Un oggetto sventurato,
Sol la calma ha nel morir.

Concerto Flute, Mr. ASHE.

ACT II.

The Favourite Concertante. Pleyel.

Song, Madame MARA. Nafolini.

NON tante le pene,
Che prova il mio core,
Che un ombra di bene,
Non posso sperar.
Io perdo il consorte,
E ancor perdo il figlio,
Ahi, solo la morte
Mi può consolar.

Concerto Violin, Master TAYLOR.
GIORNOVICCHI.

Song, Mr. NIELD. HANDEL.

OFT' on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with fullen roar:
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers, through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

Song, Madame MARA. PURCELL.

MAD BESS.

FROM silent shades and the Elifan groves,
Where sad departed spirits mourn their loves;
From crystal streams, and from that country where
Jove crowns the fields with flow'rs all the year,
Poor senseless Bess, cloth'd in her rags, and solely,
Is come to cure her love-sick melancholy.

Bright Cynthia kept her revels late,
While Mab the Fairy Queen did dance;
And Oberon did sit in state,
When Mars at Venus ran his lance.

In yonder cowslip lies my dear,
Entomb'd in liquid gems of dew;
Each day I'll water it with a tear,
Its fading blossom to renew.

For since my love is dead, and all my joys are gone,
Poor Bess for his sake
A garland will make,
My musick shall be a groan.

I'll lay me down and die within some hollow tree,
The rav'n and cat,
The owl and bat,
Shall warble forth my elegy.

Did you not see my love as he pass'd by you?
His two flaming eyes, if he comes nigh you,
They will scorch up your hearts; Ladies beware ye,
Lest he should dart a glance that may ensnare ye.

Hark! hark! I hear old Charon bawl,
His boat he will no longer stay;
And Furies lash their whips, and call
Come, come away.

Poor Bess will return to the place whence she came,
Since the world is so mad she can hope for no cure;
For Love's grown a bubble, a shadow, a name,
Which fools do admire, and wise men endure.

Cold and hungry am I grown,
Ambrosia will I feed upon;
Drink nectar still and sing,
Who is content
Does all sorrow prevent;
And Bess in her straw,
Whilst free from the law,
In her thoughts is as great as a King.

FULL PIECE. HAYDN.

TO BEGIN AT HALF PAST SEVEN O'CLOCK.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CONCERT

VOGEL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1906

8:00 P.M.
Admission Free
Box Seats 50c

Program
1. Overture
2. The Swan Lake Suite
3. The Nutcracker Suite
4. The Sleeping Beauty Suite

5. The Firebird Suite
6. The Rite of Spring
7. The Tchaikovsky Suite
8. The Brahms Suite

9. The Wagner Suite
10. The Verdi Suite
11. The Puccini Suite
12. The Rossini Suite

13. The Mozart Suite
14. The Haydn Suite
15. The Beethoven Suite
16. The Schubert Suite

17. The Chopin Suite
18. The Liszt Suite
19. The Schumann Suite
20. The Mendelssohn Suite

21. The Brahms Suite
22. The Wagner Suite
23. The Verdi Suite
24. The Puccini Suite